

# OBSERVER

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# observer

volume 16 number 6 December 15 1976 TEN CENTS





# TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION

In October, Bard students entering Kline Commons were exposed to a familiar sight: a petition table. First, there was one which wanted to make the Bard Student Body a legal entity, then came another which proposed a Women's Studies Program. The third one is the one this article deals with, the BBSO/LAO petition for the hiring of *Competent and conscientious, full time faculty Third World professor(s), preferably in the Social Sciences and/or Language Literature.*

"Ah S--!" (many would say), "what kind of reverse racism and/or tokenism is this?" Others would just walk away and say: "F--it." Still others will just not understand why the petition came about. It is for these people that this article is written.

Questions that were most commonly asked:

## Why do you want a Third World Professor?

We have, at the moment, a very homogeneous type of full time faculty, by this I mean (and please don't be offended, it's a fact) *most* of the professors come from very similar backgrounds. This is not evil in itself but I feel that the more diversity you have in a faculty, the better their function as counselors is served, not only in terms of academics, but in moral and social concerns. I feel that the hiring of such a person would greatly add to strengthening this faculty. Closely related to this is the fact that the Third World people at Bard come from very different backgrounds than the majority of students here, and yet, our counseling is mostly restricted to Larry Curtis and Charles Clayton who do the best that they can, but are overworked with administrative work, limiting



their counseling (academic) ability. To get to the point, we are not getting adequate educational counsel; the little there is in too much demand to really be of significant help.

Up to now, many may feel that we are putting too much emphasis on one person. We are not, for we feel that one person is just a start, not the end. We hope that as the number of Third World students continues to grow, so will the number of said professors. As of this moment, Black and Spanish speaking people make up one tenth of the total student body. This fact leads to another point of interest we are one tenth in student number, yet there is not one full time faculty member to represent us - not one.

We feel that such a person (or people) can offer courses such as: Black and/or Puerto Rican history courses, Urban sociology in poverty areas, African and/or Puerto Rican politics etc., and teach them with a little more skill than someone of a different background. Provided

they both have the same credentials, the experience factor would make the difference, not just reading but living with the issues involved.

## Isn't this Tokenism?

In a way, yes it is. But don't you think it's a shame that it had to come down to a petition? By the same token, it is not; because we feel the Bard Community will benefit greatly, if that's a product of tokenism, then there should be more of it.

## What has Bard Done about this and What are They Doing Now?

In the past, Bard has made an effort to locate qualified personnel, but because of "advertising problems and limitations," have been unable to satisfactorily deal with the issue despite their well-meant intentions and efforts.

We are presently in the stage of preparing a proposal for Bard where we can supply them with hundreds of resumes from qualified people at no cost to Bard. These resumes can be obtained from various job

banks in New York and New Jersey. Out of these resumes, I'm sure at least one will be qualified and willing to teach "in the country." We want to work constructively with Bard in solving this problem and we've been told by various members of Bard's staff/faculty that we will get "full cooperation."

## Why in Language - Lit./ Social Science?

The main reason is because we want to make available to the Bard community a facet which is not always shown, the educational and historical components. Usually, too much emphasis is given to Latin Dance and Black Soul etc. That's not bad in itself, but it would be sad to think that that would be the only thing most people relate to us. I'm sure many people would be interested and fascinated by our culture.

Now that I've answered some questions, let me leave you with some thoughts. Bard is an educational institution and as one, it should realize the importance of diversity. An educational institution should offer its students as much diversity as possible, not just Black and Puerto Rican studies. In fact, this is just one aspect, (the main thing in this article) and other aspects of diversity which are missing in Bard should be brought to the attention of Bard administration and faculty by its students - after all, it's your education.

In conclusion, the question is why not; why not have a Third World professor (s)? Search within yourself for that answer.

(I hope no one was offended by this article, it was not my intention to offend, but to clear up some questions. I welcome all type of criticism, as long as it's constructive.)

Val Cubano

# NEW LEARY THEORY

(CPS) Legends, according to Webster, are popular myths. Living legends, according to talent agencies, are popular money-makers.

Currently speaking before packed houses of college students across the country, Timothy Leary, dressed neck to toe in white, speaks not of the drug culture which he made a household word in the sixties but of space migration.

Leary is best known for his research on the use of psilocybin and other therapy to reduce convict recidivism. This proved too controversial for the administration at Harvard where he taught and they dregged up an excuse to bounce him. He soon became a drug-guru of sorts for the mid-sixties flower children before being busted for the possession of two marijuana roaches.

Sentenced to 20 years imprisonment, Leary escaped from a top security prison and made his way to Algeria, which turned out to be just another prison. After returning to the U.S., he spent the next few years in a San Diego prison before being paroled. Members of the Weather Underground claim Leary was let loose after ratting on some friends. Leary denies it and says the underground would be grateful if it could actually see his secret court testimony.

So what's this new spiel?

Leary comes before his audience hopped up on a new vision based on science and engineering. His slogan is S.M.I.L.E., an acronym for *Space Migration, Intelligence Increase and Life Extension*. He believes that we should start an all-out crash program to build space cities around the Earth, double the national I.Q. and begin to prolong life, with an eye on immortality, through the aid of modern medicine. All this with the fervor scientists used to create the atomic bomb in the forties. Or so Leary hopes.

Admittedly, his ideas about space migration are not his own. Rather, they come from a professor of physics from Princeton named Gerard O'Neill. O'Neill is described as the counterpart of what Leary was 15 years ago, a man with new, outrageous ideas. But to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA), O'Neill is being looked to as a saviour for a beauracracy sagging under waning public interest and decreased budgets.

In a book soon to be out on the stands entitled *The High Frontier*, O'Neill says that the resources of the sun and the radiation belts surrounding earth can be tapped for easy energy. He claims that if we started now, the U.S. could build huge cylinders, serving as

artificial satellites, where people could live and work, at relatively cheap costs. Even though his ideas are receiving prominent attention in such periodicals as *The National Geographic* and *The New York Times Magazine*, many scientists still look askance at his theories.

But back to Leary.

Whether or not audiences are buying Leary's new visions of starflights and immortality, they are pushing, shoving and buying up tickets all along his campus stops. At a recent

appearance at Tufts University in Massachusetts, his speech was interrupted by gate-crashers who had previously been turned away for lack of room. Pouring in to hear and see the ex-guru, students scuffled with police and filled the aisles.

It remains unclear as to whether students are straining to hear the man in white's words for the future or merely fascinated to get a glimpse of the reappearance of an American legend.





## Not A Ghost Of A Chance



(Scene: a small room. The WRITER is seated at her desk, center stage. In the distance, the chapel bell is heard striking midnight.)

The GHOST enters through a wall, stage left. He is dressed in late 19th century style. He is transparent.

GHOST: (moaning) Oooohhee...

WRITER: (glancing up) You've got the wrong room—the party's down the hall.

GHOST: (louder) Oooohhheeee....!

WRITER: Do you mind? I've got a nine o'clock class tomorrow.

GHOST: (in a blood curdling voice) I am the spirit of George Bailey Hopson.

W: Congratulations. (hopefully) Now will you go away?

G: Fool, you don't understand. I'm here to haunt you.

W: That's nice.

G: (shrieking) Aieeeee... Slander! Libel! Defamation of character!

W: Huh?

G: Are you the author of a scurrilous article insinuating that the young men of St. Stephen's were DRUNKARDS?

W: Hey, you read the *Observer*! Great! Really! Tell all your friends about us. Mention us to our advert-

G: ARE YOU THE ONE?

W: Well, yeah—sure. But look, I got it all from your notes. I even quoted you. You can't deny it.

G: You exaggerated a minor incident—an isolated case. (with dignity) St. Stephen's was always such a quiet, orderly place. We had laws, rules of conduct—and the students respected them.

W: (amused) Really? Why don't

we look at the record. In 1876, for example, the following things were forbidden—(She reads from a list.) "The use of intoxicating drinks." No comment. "Card playing." (looking up) This is interesting. In 1897, the faculty was presented with a petition to remove that ban. It was signed by most of the student body.

G: We turned it down, of course.

The Evils of Gambling.

W: (going on) "No hazing, no tossing people in blankets..."

G: Besides being undignified—

W: I quote. "They all acknowledge having taken part in tossing new students in a blanket." (to herself) So where were the peer counselors?

G: But—

W: (interrupting) "No burying of Algebras." Wasn't that where the incoming freshmen took a class list—

G: An algebra.

W: And a bottle of wine, and buried them secretly?

G: Hmmm...

W: —and at graduation, they dug it up, burned the list—

G: —and drank the wine. A Disgusting Custom.

W: The students didn't think so. A few decades later it was a beloved tradition. Anyhow... "No use of firearms, no loud noises after dark."

Aha! I quote again. "Some of them confessed that they had rung the bell and made certain demonstrations against Prof. H— as he was passing along near the chapel, though they claimed to have mistaken him for the janitor."

G: But—

W: "No general meeting of the students without the Warden's permission. No going beyond bounds—a circuit of 4 miles on this side of the Hudson." Let's see... you wrote, "Mr. C— having gone to Saugerties without permission, and having been generally neglectful of his college duties, was informed that he would be put upon probation, and unless he changed his conduct—"

G: "His scholarship could be withdrawn, and he would be required to provide the money for his college bills."

W: "No congregating in the halls during recess, no defacing college property..." Here's a good one.

"Mr. T— confessed that he had on a previous evening removed the tongue of the chapel bell."

G: I'm sure the wretch did it to delay morning prayers.

W: Attendance was required, of course.

G: Of course.

W: "No tossing balls or throwing snow within three hundred feet of

## THE NEW DEGENERATION

During a veritable decade in limbo, in an era of contradictions, a new kind of voice is heard in the land. A voice not lifted but lowered.

In the sixties only the shouters got attention for the whispers of the wise were left blowing in the wind. If you hid under the rock world, you, like Janis Joplin, whined and screamed the song of yourself. Maybe you drowned your sorrow in booze or dulled your pain with dope but you always managed to be unhappy, even when you were happy. If you joined in and cried out, as did James Baldwin about the fire next time, then thousands of ears perked up and an angry chorus responded "right on!"

Now it is different, the headphone has replaced the amplifier. The volume has been turned down to insure that the sound of our fury will not fall on deafened ears. This "not now" generation has settled in, seemingly content with its drugs of moderation, yet clearly bearing that still small voice that urges (sotto voce) *Carry on!*

One such voice was virtually silent through the "beat" and "now" generations, waiting until the smoke had settled before raising his pen for recognition. William Gaddis, after writing a major novel in the fifties, rested on his underground laurels, ripped off forty winks, and then emerged twenty years later older and wiser.

His long awaited second effort, *J.R.*, won the National Book Award for 1975. Perhaps not as ambitious or presumptuous as his first novel, *The Recognitions*, it nevertheless, made the literary world sit up and take notice.

Mr. Gaddis is back, and Bard has him!

This fall Bard was eager to welcome this celebrity as a visiting professor. Students rushed to reister for his classes and his tentative reading list was the talk of campus: How could works by Dale Carnegie, John Holt, Sinclair Lewis, Theodore H. White, Max Weber and Fred Exley all be on the same list?

Then the semester began and anticipation quickly turned to impatience as Mr. Gaddis was a week late in arriving. Finally, the next Tuesday he walked into his Literature of Failure course at 3:40 pm and took his seat across from eighteen anxious Bardians.

William Gaddis, thin and with graying hair, was neither imposing of stature nor was he the possessor of a booming voice. No Hilton Weiss or Robert Kelly he. Nevertheless after a few weeks of panic from some structure conscious students he won over the class with his words of wisdom, his bag of anecdotes, and his ability to listen.

Each week the students looked forward to the time when they had finished discussing their own opinions of the varied work on failure and success, for then it was time for Bill Gaddis.

Bill (a cigarette dangling from his lips, his folded glasses in hand and held up to his eyes) focused in on; the Protestant ethic, the affluent society, the Washington bureaucracy, or the Rock culture. He nimbly dissected, he deftly reconstructed, proceeding with caution but always subtly urging the

"O Come all Ye Faithful" to the Community Carol Sing on Sunday, Dec. 19th at 7:00. We will assemble at the Dining Commons and tour the campus. If you would like to join the many who have already signed up, please give your name to Connie in the campus mailroom so we can plan to provide printed music and refreshments for all. Help bring Christmas Spirit to Bard—sign up today!



## Apalling Harvest

"The planting of nuclear energy around the world is bringing forth an appalling harvest." So warned Leonard Ross, California Public Utilities Commission member, in the *New York Times* on December 5. Ross estimated that "by 1990, reactors in the less developed countries alone will produce enough plutonium for 3000 bombs a year." It is a chilling thought, and Nearer to the immediate reality of Bard College than one might imagine.

The night before Ross's article appeared, three Bard students went for a moonlight walk to the Deserted Village. The night was cold and clear, and a fresh layer of snow made the vistas of this land, directly north of the campus appear cold and forbidding. The land is owned by Central Hudson Power, and is also, according to the *Times*, a "potential" site for a nuclear reactor.

Beyond a nearly ruined three-storey house there stands a large, empty barn that straddles the very top of the ridge that continues south to the campus itself. The three students were surprised to see light spilling from a tiny window in the side of the barn—bright electric light with not a power line in sight. Their curiosities piqued, the students approached the building and cautiously peered in the narrow window to find the barn a mere shell of itself—a camouflage for the concrete dome of a nuclear pile. Near the window, with his back to it, sat a man, curly-haired, bespectacled, watching a miniscule conveyor belt issue forth from a slot in the concrete superstructure of the pile that was marked PLUTONIUM.

To the students' distress, they heard the man singing, and cackling to himself, "If that don't get their pets off my campus I'll drop my —" There was a knock at the large double doors. "Who's there?" the man yelled with a horrified start. "Part of that Force which would do evil ever yet forever works the good," said Peter Skiff as he entered with a devilish smirk. "How are ya, Leon?"

P.K.

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Wine	.25

Sun	12-1
Mon	5-1
Tues	12-1
Wed	12-1
Thurs	12-3
Fri	12-3
Sat	12-3

FOOD SERVED UNTIL ½ HOUR BEFORE CLOSING

**ADOLPH'S**



# INTERNSHIPS AND FELLOWSHIPS

Centers for the Handicapped, Inc.  
649 Lofstrand Lane  
Rockville, Maryland 20850

Contact: Steve Warner

Centers for the Handicapped, located near Washington, D.C., offers young people a one-year internship working with handicapped children and adults. Recruitment is underway now for interns to start in January 1977.

For the right person, the work-study experience offers many challenges and rewards. Most important, it will affect decisions on one's life's work.

Some participants will work on a rotating schedule, getting experience in different programs within the Agency. All can specialize in their areas of primary interest at some point during their internship. Interns continue their education by taking courses at nearby colleges and universities.

Interns live cooperatively in townhouses provided by the agency, sharing responsibilities for cooking, cleaning, shopping and establishing their own regulations. They receive no pay but are given a weekly subsistence allowance. Each participant will receive a \$1,000 educational scholarship upon completion of the program.

Centers for the Handicapped programs serve 333 people, covering nearly every major handicapping condition. There are programs for infants, children and adults. Among the services the agency provides are sheltered work, social rehabilitation, recreation, camping, advocacy counseling and transportation.

Applications are now being accepted for the Intern Program. Applicants must have successfully completed some college work. The only other requirements are a valid driver's license and good health. Interviews will be scheduled in early December.

Interested students can obtain more information and an application at their college placement office (or campus library, in some cases) or by writing the Center for the Handicapped, 649 Lofstrand Lane, Rockville, Maryland 20850.

This January, many students plan to travel to Washington, D.C. to witness first-hand the government in transition embodied by the Presidential Inauguration. Approximately 100 students will take part in a unique, new program *Washington Winterim '77*, which will not only afford students a chance to witness history in the making, but will also offer an inside look at the domestic affairs and foreign policy of America in its third hundred years. *Washington Winterim '77* will be held January 2 thru January 21, and is being sponsored by the Washington Center for Learning Alternatives, a non-profit educational organization.

*Washington Winterim '77* will be an intensive, three-week colloquium that will combine lectures led by prominent scholars with small group discussions, and complemented by site visits to various government and non-government offices in Washington to discuss national priority issues. Each week of this program will be devoted to a study of one of the following areas: international affairs and diplomacy;

domestic affairs; and U.S. Leadership in transition. Governor Carter's Presidential Inauguration and his "peoples" celebration will take place during the final week of the program.

Not only will *Washington Winterim '77* provide a comprehensive academic program, but housing accommodations are also included in the \$250.00 program fee. According to Pat McDonough, *Washington Winterim '77* coordinator, "Many students have already signed up, and due to this response, we have extended the application deadline." She believes that with a larger cross-section of students, the program will hold more interest and excitement.

For more information contact: Patricia McDonough: (202) 659-8510, c/o Washington Center for Learning Alternatives, 1705 DeSales St., NW Washington, D.C. 20036

## NATIONAL CANDIDATE SEARCH BY HARRY S. TRUMAN SCHOOL

National Candidate Search By Harry S. Truman Scholarship Foundation begins.

Washington, D.C., Nov. 15--The start of a national academic search for the first Truman Scholarship candidates has been announced by the Harry S. Truman Scholarship Foundation.

This memorial is a living and prestigious one, as it provides a concrete way for our most talented college men and women to prepare themselves for careers in government.

Fifty-three students who will be in their junior year of college next fall will be selected during this year through the Foundation as the first Truman Scholars.

The Foundation will award scholarships in programs leading to careers in government and provide a maximum stipend of \$5000 a year for up to four years of college study. In addition to being outstanding students, with a grade point average of at least "B" (or equivalent) and being in the upper quartile of their classes, candidates will be required to demonstrate a firm commitment to public service.

One student will be selected from each state, the District of Columbia, the Commonwealth of

Puerto Rico, Guam, the Virgin Islands, American Samoa, and the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands, to be considered as a single entity.

For consideration as a Truman Scholar, a student must be nominated by his or her college's president, upon the recommendation of the Truman Scholarship Program faculty representative. Accredited institutions of higher education must submit their nominations by December 15, 1976. For further information, contact your designated Truman Scholarship faculty representative.

The Center for Human Ecology Studies announced today that it is offering a full-time internship option for the spring semester, 1977. Susan Mudd, Center Internship Director, said that applicants may select from a wide variety of placements with ecologically-concerned organizations. Opportunities exist within areas of conservation research and education, farming, and food production, shelter design, planning, design and manufacture of alternative energy technology, and natural resources management.

William Seretta Jr., the Center's president, noted that many public and private groups in Maine have planned exciting projects but find themselves unable to hire permanent staff to carry them out. "Our role here is simply bringing together two parties who need each other," noted Seretta. "There are college students with interests in these areas, who are seeking work experience; there is much important and innovative work to be done here, and it is work that will further some students' educational goals, perhaps also vocational goals."

The Internship option provides for a forty-hour work week with an agency of the student's choosing. The placement will run from February eighth through May fifteenth. Most placements are volunteer positions, but work-study students may continue that arrangement. For an inclusive fee of five-hundred dollars the Center provides the placement, with supervision and support, a place in the Human Ecology Seminar one evening weekly, and housing. A detailed list of placements, including job descriptions, is available by writing the Center for Human Ecology Studies, PO Box 242, Freeport, Me. 04032.

## The Devil Finds WORK....

*Opportunities exist for off-campus experiences in a variety of areas, on a voluntary basis or for Independent Study credit. Barbara Morgan, Community Outreach Coordinator will be available etc. etc. says the course list for the Spring Semester 1977.*

We went to see Ms. Morgan in her office to have her expand on exactly what this fascinating but necessarily cryptic paragraph meant. The immediate impression was that she seemed anxious for the Bard Community to understand and become involved in this ambitious program. There was no reluctance, no hesitation about Ms. Morgan, only enthusiasm and a sense of direction.

We asked Barbara about her first semester at Bard (which is rapidly coming to a close). She told us that 61 students had taken part in the program so far and that only three of them were seniors. This fall they had worked with prisoners at Green Haven on a book of poetry, with juvenile offenders at Brookwood Detention Center, at Ferncliff with the elderly and at Dutchess Day Care Center with young children, all on a voluntary basis.

Other new programs for the Spring include working on local newspapers and the so called "One Shot" program. The latter is headed up by Pam Clement and will share the Bard community's talent in singing, musicianship, dance, acting with local churches, organizations and clubs.

As for the goals of Community Outreach, they are pretty much summed up as follows:

1. Off-campus learning experience.
2. Direct contributions to the community around Bard.
3. On the job views of possible careers.
4. Independent Study Projects for credit.

Basically this program provides a chance for Bard students to "get involved" and possibly put into practice some of the skills they will use after they graduate.

Obviously there is much more to this program than we can tell you in print. If you are interested in learning more about it, see Barbara Morgan in the basement of South Hoffman, sign up and then REACH OUT!

Alex McKnight



## Great Black Music

There are a lot of people playing jazz today, but few play it with the conviction and authenticity of the Art Ensemble of Chicago. Since their emergence in the late sixties they have consistently remained not only on the forefront of the creative movement, but have produced much of it's most beautiful and effective music, and are still playing together. They have numerous albums together on many labels and the members have also recorded solo albums and small groups under their own names.

Accordingly, their performances on Thanksgiving weekend in New York were impressive displays of both solo and group virtuosity. Their first set consisted of a series of improvised ensemble work with each member having at least one good solo apiece. The playing ranged from wild

cacophony to mellow modal-type sounds. The Art Ensemble has moved into a space where jazz, free jazz, bebop, and swing, etc., have all been incorporated yet transcended. The rhythm section, Malachi Favors on Bass and Don Moye on drums, very rarely keep time in the 1-2-3-4-1-2-3-4-ZOP! fashion of most jazz rhythm sections, but rather plays in polyrhythmic clusterings around the pulse, which enables them to be completely flexible while being completely solid. Hence tempo shifts are never obtrusive, or frivolous, and occur frequently. These musicians have been playing together and improvising together for so long that they do it with more ease than most groups play arranged material. Their improvising has definitely gotten more sure and more exploratory over the years. Any member of the

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## observer

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## EDITORIAL POLICY

In answer to a semester's worth of questions just what our editorial policy consists of we suggest the following answer:

"The pedant and the priest have always been the most expert of logicians - and the most diligent disseminators of nonsense and worse. The liberation of the human mind has never been furthered by such learned underheads; it has, been furthered by gay fellows who heaved dead cats into sanctuaries and then went roistering down the highways of the world, proving to all men that doubt, after all, was safe - that the god in the sanctuary was finite in his power and hence a fraud. One horse laugh is worth ten thousand syllogisms. It is not only more effective; it is also vastly more intelligent."

H. L. Mencken  
*Prejudices: Fourth Series*

Cover Photo: Thiana Kitrilakis

## REGISTRATION SHUFFLE

It is the end of the semester and Bard students succumb to the traditional struggle to complete fifteen books in two nights and elicit profound papers of overwhelming length without the aid of a leprechaun. The washers now steam-heat our clothes while the dryers don't heat anything. (This is probably payment for our complaints earlier this semester that the hot water had been turned off). Meanwhile SAGA food describes new depths in the culinary world by eliminating nutrition or variety (cold "Tuna Melts" two days in a row for lunch?) and the on-campus student suffers on.

To alleviate the general weariness our friends in Ludlow offered us a new game last week. We call it the Registration Shuffle. To play, you announce that registration will be open to all students at 3:00. This means 600 people try to crowd into Dining Commons at once to fill hard-to-get-into classes. Then, to make things more interesting, have a third of the teachers absent. This way we can all stand in lines fifteen people deep to talk to someone who knows only what the course listings book already tells us about the classes she is taking names for. To add a little fun put no name tags over the seats of the teachers so we have to guess who half the teachers are and finish the confusion by throwing in a smattering of course titles by tempting "name" teachers whose date, time, and place are undecided.

\*\* Can I get you right now honey or do I have to registrate?

The point of all of the above is that this is unnecessarily hard on everyone involved. It seems fair to let Upper College students

register first since they are the ones who need the classes most and let the Lower College students enter Dining Commons an hour and a half later. Departments should be notified early in the semester when the deadlines for the next semester's course listings will occur and teachers should be urged to offer concrete information about dates, times and places. Last Wednesday was a circus of the kind no one needs right now and it seems a pity anyone should have to undergo that with only a Tuna Melt in their stomach.

Apologies to Jessie Colin Young



## THE END

The readers of this paper have probably never experienced the effects of three solid days of inhaling rubber cement. With any luck, you never will. To put out this paper several people have undergone this and far worse and this column is to thank them.

This semester has been a particularly difficult one because we had extreme financial difficulties to overcome and the good reputation of last spring's paper to measure up to. While we cannot provide you with "scoops" and im-

mediacy, we have tried to offer you some perspective. We are a printed format in an electronic age but we have aimed at instituting communication. We have often asked you to take the risk of surrendering to laughter to accomplish these goals. We claim no great victories for mankind, but we hope we have caused you to look at significant issues at some greater depth.

Quite a few gold stars need to be strewn here. Peter Kosewski and Lora Jacobs have literally stolen time from their senior projects to contribute real professional expertise to an admittedly amateur group. Peter and Andy Abbatepaolo spent countless hours on turning a bleak financial mess into a business operation while Lora and Gina Moss struggled to assemble copy of various widths and shapes on pages that were invariably too full or too empty. Jane Hurd and Todd McCullough patiently copy-read and proofed some of the most tortured and garbled prose the English language has yet seen, while Gina offered her boundless experience in the face of our confusion. And of course, we all did each other's jobs.

We have had some truly creatively and unusual writers this semester who have been willing to experiment with stories somewhat vaguely assigned. Hugh Crawford and Dan Eddy have our thanks for helping with photography. Our typists have surpassed the call of duty by working under pressured and distracting conditions.

Ruth West gets a special thanks (as well as a paragraph to herself) for playing body guard and social secretary to the editor and living with a newspaper for four months.

Lastly we thank the community for its support and tolerance while we underwent a learning experience. We hope you will extend even greater support to the "New Regime" next semester.

Happy Holidays people.

## NOTE

Kim Graves will be editor of the Observer this Spring with an editorial staff consisting of Andy Abbatepaolo, Robin Carroll, Stuart Low and Cathy Williams.

All Persons interested in working for the Observer are asked to come to a meeting on December 21 at 7:30 pm. The meeting will be held in the Observer office in the basement of McVicker. Persons are needed to write copy, photograph, proofread, type, do layout, and sell advertisements. All interested persons are encouraged to attend.



To the Editor:

Could you please write a story about the Save the Whale Movement, and tell me how I can get involved in it?

Thank you - M. B.

(We couldn't get any new information on this - if anyone has some please contact the Observer, Box 85, and we'll pass the information along.)

## REAL LIFE DINING COMMONS III







## DR. BISH questions & answers

*Dr. Bish wishes to thank his readers for their many cards and letters offering condolences for the treatment he has suffered at the hands of the evil New York genius, Dr. Molin. However, there is good news: Dr. Bish writes this week from Guadalajara, Mexico, Pension Pomplona, where he reports he is safe and sound, and ready to take up the responsibilities of his column.*

*Our thanks to Manfred von Bish, critic and lecturer, for his very welcome contributions to our publication.*  
- Ed.



VIEW FROM THE PENSION POM-  
PLONA, GUADALAJARA. SRTA.  
LUPE SASA ZAMORA EN SOLE-  
DAD, LOVELY COMPANION TO  
DR. BISH.

Dr. Bish,  
Can you tell me how to love myself?

Dear Reader,  
No one can tell the whole story at any one time- I can only say, look quietly, consciously at yourself, see what it is in yourself that is in fact lovely, that you can love, and by loving you will perhaps begin to see what is lovely, miraculous, in others - if this vision takes you so far you will then sense, I think, a thing you have in common with all others who share life. Loneliness, feeling separated, makes it difficult to feel love towards others. But to give outwardly creates a sense of well-being. It's sometimes almost invisible, and sometimes a part of you wants you not to see it. If you can't see it, write Dr. Bish again and he will have you

join him down here in the warm Mexican sunshine... sometimes an external change helps boost one's spirits, thus one's sense of loving self. Physical activity, as in labor or in athletics, is a proven instant formula for a sense of well-being ( which makes that link with lost self-love ).

There's much more to it, you know, but how can we say it all here?

Break the question into detail, if you will; send us your next question as you pursue the problem. Also, other readers' comments invited.

Dear Dr. Bish,  
(Excerpted due to length). Just a little note. We Bardonians are in such a rush, so little time to sit down and relax.

... can I call you Billy? \*  
... sometimes I think you are my only confidante.

... I love to go to the theatre here at Bard, but why, Billy, do they schedule plays back to back, so that one has to sit for hours watching so much action! ... I think it is a most unhealthy way to stage productions. Why not separately on different evenings so the audience can feel more comfortable and not feel they're watching a double-feature movie. If only we could go slower here!

--Frazzled Freddy Freshman

\*( Billy Bish is a younger brother who now resides in Sweetwater, Texas.)

Dear Fred,  
I'd like to call you Fred, you remind me of a friend of Billy's who has a small ranch in Northern California. Remind me to tell you about him when there's more space for it. (In another age).

Dr. Bish agrees; too many events spoil the pudding, or some such saying. Part of contemporary hysteria, in this observer's opinion comes from too much information. "City culture" simply appeals from too many simultaneous directions; here, we more of less thoughtlessly adopt and perpetuate frenzied modern habits of scheduling, etc. A single play given in any small town would be the annual event, relished far in advance and attended by everyone in the area. Real theatre does contain us all, in every sense, as in the Artauian sense wherein all participate by burning together in its consuming flames. Like love-making, it only works when you give yourself entirely; one cannot have in mind, "What's next, and then what ... oh yes, we'll get through this and on to that ... " This was, apparently, the dutiful Puritan way of not only exploring the act of loving and/or fucking, but the untamed American frontier as well. i.e.--getting on with it.

However, there are more mundane reasons at school for this kind of programming. Perhaps we'll hear from others who have more acquaintance with the details.

### TODAY'S BISHERY:

Be generous with your parents. If they haven't been helpful to you, or seem in fact to be failures, apply instant forgiveness; reverse the roles, you look after them. It will give you a startling, new sense of being.

### NEXT WEEK:

Who knows? Thank you for your letters.

-Dr. Bish

## Amen

It was with the **SCHICKSAL-SLIED** of Johannes Brahms that the Bard College Community Choir opened its December 8th concert. Based upon "Song of Destiny," an uncomplicated Holderlin text that describes the lofty position of blessed spirits who are "free of fate" where man is not, the music is fresh and the harmonies are uncomplex but clearly emotional as are the melodic ideas. Brahms becomes more urgent when he scores the passage, "But to us it is given no spot to rest," yet he is at home with the cosmic order of Holderlin: in fact, he nearly celebrates it: **SCHICKSALSIED** ends with a long, considerate, orchestral "Amen."

It is a good choice for the choir and the orchestra which did it justice. Clear diction, even phrasing marked the performance of **SCHICKSALSIED**. Orchestra and choir interacted effectively enough to overcome the unflattering acoustics of the Chapel, and we appreciated subtleties of text, of musical idea and of performance.

Bruckner's **TE DEUM**, the second part of the concert, was a more ambitious work than the Brahms. It is a nearly operatic oratorio in that each idea of the *credo* of the text is isolated and underlined by a distinct musical idea. Effectively, then, the choir performed five short yet demanding pieces in presenting this **TE DEUM**, and we confess that it was hard to perceive the fabric of the

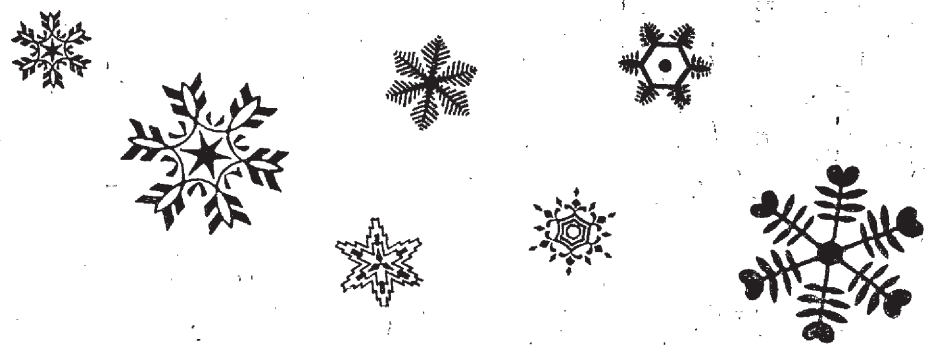
structure of Bruckner's ideas. Too often, the Chapel acoustics were *not* overcome, and the text slipped into oblivion while the music itself lay under a kind of sustained *sforzando* ring.

The most pleasing segment of the **TE DEUM** was the fourth which begins "Salvum fac populum tuum." It is a kind of litany first between solo tenor and soprano section, then between solo bass and alto section. Each soloist, each collective voice of the choir was heard clearly separately, then clearly in consort. It was a compelling movement, compellingly performed; here, we saw the choir at its best and its most honest; we saw ambitious work at its culmination.

And so the **TE DEUM** closes with a quartet that refers back to the tone of the beginning of the oratorio: proud, robust, self-assured, a strange tone for the modern ear when the modern eye has read the text: "O Lord, in Thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded."

The choir looks smaller than it did last year; they sounded better, too, as if their own sense of *ensemble* were developing well. Their concert was a pleasing event not just in terms of music; with so many people in performance, so very many in audience, it was an event important to our ever-changing sense of Bard community.

Peter Kosewski



## Bicentennial Which?

**BICENTENNIAL CHIC**  
written and directed by William Driver, created by a seeming cast of thousands in an attic at Preston in 1876. The mining commences:

Boston: where Cabots talk only to Lodges and Lodges talk only to God. A white folks choir gives a concert at the New Symphony Hall. *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*. One black man is present, silent, pre-empted from his own music.

The Bowery: *The Bowery, we'll never go there any more.*  
applause, applause  
*but there's another verse!*  
applause, applause  
**MAINTAIN OUR INNOCENCE**  
(no wrap-around eyes!)  
*you may think she's happy and free from care . . . .*  
*but her beauty was sold for ---*

And respectability!  
D.A.R., W.C.T.U. etc. etc  
Lydia Pinkham for *feminine* complaints: 15% sasparilla  
21% **TEMPERANCE**  
*but what the maiden lost that night can never again be ---*  
*Peach blossoms of innocence??*  
Irish Russian Jewish *English?*  
*An Anglo-Saxon is a German who has forgotten his parents*

But since the war, the words have changed: *the worst is yet to come, the worst is yet*

*to come ---*  
**FIRE!**

*I'll make a man of ANY one of you*

Oh, the disadvantages of a mythology! The collage of music, history and theater that is **BICENTENNIAL CHIC** borders on the brilliant, and we use the verb advisedly, for this is a work in progress, a performance with scripts that, although obscure in several spots, is extremely effective, even devastating. And although we were not always sure of the juxtapositions between song and speech, we at least suspected their intent.

A few performers deserved to be singled out of the ensemble: Catherine Askue, for stunning vocal work and supple acting, Trevor Vassey, a newcomer, for broad, yet effective caricature, and Bud Ruhe for providing a unifying force to a free-wheeling evening.

We were warned by several drama majors that **BICENTENNIAL CHIC** would be more fun for the actors than for the audience: not true. We were fascinated and impressed with **BICENTENNIAL CHIC** as not just a valid exercise in broad theatricality, but as a *lehrstucke*, a document of all the things we are, were and came from. Playing through Sunday, 19 December.

Peter Kosewski



# In The City



Scene from *The Robber Bridegroom*

## Calcutta -Or- Bust

It's difficult to tell anyone that you are reviewing *Oh! Calcutta!* Immediately that little evil smirk forms at the corners of their mouth and that playful glint in their eye says, "So you are one of those closet porno people." *Oh! Calcutta!* Nudity. The late sixties. Druggies. *Hair*. Tone deaf Actor's Equity scrubs willing to strip for a buck. These are some of the prejudices that one drags in to the Edison Theater. Exiting through those very same portals a couple of hours later you suddenly realize that the tasteless, trashy assault you expected was little more than a crude version of *Love American Style*.

*Oh! Calcutta!* is a series of loosely strung vignettes that attempt to satirize sex with a mixture of dry wit and slapstick. When the writing is good, you know that the electrified minds of Jules Feiffer, Dan Greenberg and Sam Shepard, among the many contributors, have left their footprints on the back of your head. The humor is crude, but clever and occasionally very funny. The main problem with the show is that there isn't enough of the strong writing. By the second act the spark is gone and the show sinks into the land of lethargy. Interspersed with the skits were songs that never should have been written, let alone performed, although the vocal talents of Jean Andelman and Cress Darwin deserve mention.

Oh yes, back to the nudity. Unlike a show like *Hair*, that saved it's nude scene for the big finale, *Oh! Calcutta!* shocks the audience with the nudity in the action's initial moments. The nude scene is comprised of all the actors in bathrobes slowly wriggling their bodies within and around the robes, flashing the audience at their leisure. Once the shock value is over, the audience and the performers seem to relax. The opening scene had served as an opening statement: "Here it is. This is the big nude scene you were all waiting for. It's no big deal, it's only our bodies. We want to be totally free as we explore different variations of a sexual theme. We won't make believe that our bodies don't exist

as we live because that is a physically and mentally inhibiting delusion." After this opening scene there are perhaps one or two brief nude scenes throughout the play.

The cast is talented, versatile and entertaining when the play itself doesn't get in their way. Leaving *Oh! Calcutta!* you wish that director Jacques Levy had done a little bit of cutting here and a little strengthening there, because while it's not the pits, *Oh! Calcutta!* just doesn't cut it.

Jeff Watnick

## It's A Steal

An often repeated notion in this show is that Jamie Lockhart, the gentleman robber, "steals with style." He certainly does. In fact, his most stylish steal is that of the theatergoer's ticket money in exchange for having to endure this silly, boring musical farce.

*The Robber Bridegroom* is an unfortunate composite of Snow White, Zorro and Hee Haw. Jamie Lockheart is a gentleman con-artist who coolly plots to separate a planter's fortune from the planter, Clement Musgrove. After "saving" the Planter's life, Lockheart is invited back to the plantation so that the proper gratitude may be shown for his heroic deed. But Jamie Lockhart is also the wild, free, daring robber of the woods. He makes this terrible transition by rubbing berry juice on his face, which does not alter his appearance to savagery as much as making him look like the better half of someone's breakfast. Anyway, as the bandit, he seduces the planter's beautiful daughter in the woods. After the bandit, she is not interested in meeting her father's prissy, gentlemanly savior so she put on her best "soot" in which to meet Lockhart. Of course she has a mean, ugly, jealous step-mother that plots to have the village idiot kill her.

In addition to this nonsense there is the interweaving of various kidnap schemes, sappy sub-plots of revenge and the most mediocre bluegrass music that ever insulted a banjo. The setting for all this joy is in 18th century Rodney, Mississippi-complete with illiterate, non-functional country bumpkins and their patches, corn

cob pipes and idiot grins.

Barry Bostwick, as Jamie Lockhart, is fair in a role that was no less than dreadful. His voice has not improved since his days as the original Danny Zuko in the still running musical production of *Grease* and that same fifties falsetto can be detected when he and any high note are in the same theater. The only bright spots in the show are Stephen Vinovich who realises the muck he is wading through and underplays his Clement Musgrove as an affable air-head and Trip Plymale, who wonderfully plats the simpleton Goat, who has less brains than a mailbox.

If you happen to be passing through New York this Field Period and feel in the mood for a Broadway show, pass this by. *The Robber Bridegroom* was originally staged at St. Clement's by the Musical Theater Lab. It should have never left the test tube.

Jeff Watnick.



Because he arrived late for the second consecutive concert of the Bard College Community Choir, THEO JOLOSKY has managed to establish a record: he has appeared in *DISHWATER* more than any other campus personality. Five out of six ain't bad, theo. Onward the *OBSERVER*. MARY LEE SETTLE arrived fashionably late for the concert herself: Ms. Settle appeared concurrently with JAMESON MARVIN'S exit from the chapel after the final bow.

People have noticed the absence of the infamous *NECROPHILIA* column of ELLSWORTH P. SQUEAZER, late of this paper.

## IN THE AREA

Chamber Artists Series, Concert I  
Dec. 18 8:00 pm Skinner Hall,  
Vassar College

Dec. 19 8:30 pm Suffern HS  
(Tickets 356-4650 ext.218)

RUTH LAREDO, PIANIST  
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Beethoven: Quartet No. 1 in F major,  
Op. 18, No. 1

Ravel: Gaspard de la Nuit

Schubert: Quintet in A major,  
Op. 114 "Trout"

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Dec. 21 7:30 pm Kingston Com-  
munity Theatre

Dec. 23 8:30 pm Suffern HS  
(Tickets 356-4650 ext.218)

*The Nutcracker* Hudson Valley  
Philharmonic, Sung Kwak, conduc-  
tor, courtesy Joffrey Ballet Com-  
pany.

EGLEVSKY BALLET COM-  
PANY, Andre Eglevsky, Artistic  
Director.

Chamber Artists Series, Concert II  
Jan. 8 8:00 pm Skinner Hall,  
Vassar College

Jan. 16 3:00 pm Holy Cross  
Church, 30 Pine Grove  
Avenue, Kingston. Recep-  
tion following.

LUIS GARCIA-RENART and  
FRIENDS

Mozart: Quartet No. 21 in D major,  
K. 575

Beethoven: Duet in E-flat for Viola  
and Cello "Eyeglasses"

Brahms: String Sextet in B-flat major  
Op. 18

student tickets single concert- \$3.50  
series - \$9.00

Mr. Squeazer perished of fits that  
accompanied the backfire ingertent  
in a sex change operation. *In pace*  
*requiescat.*

For all of you ecology fiends,  
here's a helpful tip from TOM  
REDMOND: such acts as shower-  
ing and doing laundry may easily  
be considered "unavoidable delay,"  
and it is best to consolidate these  
operations to save time and hot  
water. Therefore, wear dirty  
clothes in the tub and wash your  
hair with Ivory Snow. (*We're*  
*sending this on the Heloise-Ed.*)

"The Faust Theme in European  
Literature" has been an unusually  
active class this semester. Students  
have met on several evenings with  
Professor AGNES DOMANDI who  
scheduled their most recent evening  
session for 7:30 since she "turns  
into sin at ten o'clock." We hope  
she meant a pumpkin.

News from SAGA: BILLY  
ROSBOROUGH needed a little  
typing done, so he asked one of his  
co-workers (purposely un-named  
here) if he/she could do the job.  
Assured by the person that he/she  
could type, Billy was somewhat  
taken aback when said employee  
informed him a few minutes later  
that he/she could NOT do the typ-  
ing after all as the keys on the  
office portable were not in alpha-  
betical order.

CONFIDENTIAL: Thanks, Dick,  
it's been swell. Please try to find  
out who Debbie Co-Ed is.



## Great Black Music Continued from Page 3

group is capable of either leading or following the ensemble at any time, and they all do.

The second set opened with them playing some written head, probably by Josef Jarman, which I did not recognize. Lester Bowie took the first solo, possibly his best of the night. Most trumpet players only exploit half of the tonal possibilities of the trumpet, that being the clean "correct" diatonic side. Lester can play that half but he can use the other half as well. He uses quarter tones, half valvings, strange lippings and toungings, yelling into the instrument and what one reviewer called "carnival techniques" to the extent that they have become a fluent and expressive part of his vocabulary on the instrument. He is, in my opinion, the greatest living trumpet player, bar none.

His solo was followed by a Roscoe Mitchell alto solo. Mitchell is one of the primary sax players of the day on everything from soprano to bass. No matter what he plays, his tone is immediately recognizable. I know of no one else who sounds like him. Unfortunately he didn't bring his bass sax, but his alto and tenor playing were good enough.

The other member of the group is Josef Jarman. He played soprano through the end of Mitchell's solo and into a long ensemble part which he led. At this concert Jarman played a lot of mallet instruments, like xylophones and marimbas, gongs and bells. He also played tenor and alto saxes as well as alto clarinet and flute. He is the composer of many of the ensembles more "pretty" songs as well as being a fine horn player. His tone on the soprano was high and quavery, almost oboe like and when he was joined in the upper registers by Bowie and Mitchell it produced a sound which cracked through the room, which one could feel.

The set ended with a melodic descending line reminiscent of *Odwalla* on the Bap-Tizum album, with each hornplayer leaving the room one by one until just the rhythm section was, by which time the applause was overwhelming and they stopped. They came back out without Lester Bowie and played an encore which again was a very nice melodic written tune.

The Art Ensemble have achieved a level of music which few groups are currently at. Sun Ra's Orchestra may be the only one now active, though frequently the Ornette Coleman and Coltrane groups were here and nowadays I'm sure there

are a lot of people who there that nobody's heard of. Nonetheless the Art Ensemble has achieved profound unity on several levels. First, they realize the fact that tone and rhythm are different aspects of the same coin. Thus when they play, the tones work completely, inseparably with the rhythm. This implies more than just playing in perfect time. This means that melody instruments will keep time and rhythm instruments playing melodies with rhythmic ideas leading into melodic ones and vice versa, with the balance shifting back and forth. They are aware of the parameters and are free at any time to be at a point within them. An aspect of this also is the fact that any given note contains within it's harmonic structure every other note. Hence harmony can be a very open thing. Music is not a system, it is systems and systems of systems. Rather than being controlled by a system, the Art Ensemble controls the systems, using them to interject aspects of control at will.

The most important skill the group possessed however, is the ability to improvise endlessly and well, to create music from nothing. The Art Ensemble could do this forever simple because they have a grasp of music at its simplest which can then be applied at its most complex and they are not afraid to try new things and things which no other band does. They are a truly extraordinary group, and unfortunately they haven't been playing live much recently, so that concerts such as these are rare gems.

Arthur Carlson

## Not a Ghost of a Chance Continued from Page 2

any college building. No noise in the buildings after 10 PM which will prevent one from sleeping."

G: Our students didn't annoy others with blaring gramophones.

W: Huh?

G: Stereos.

W: Oh. Guess not. They were more imaginative, though. (triumphantly) "Several students had been engaged in blowing tin horns, beating pans, rolling stones in the building, and making other disturbances between 9 and 12 o'clock in the evening."

G: They were suspended, of course.

W: Of course. "No engaging in contest in boating or in games of baseball with persons not connected with the college. No throwing water or any refuse matter from the windows. No keeping of dogs."

G: The more things change —  
W: — the more they stay the same. Yeah. Anyhow, the prosecution rests. Have I made my point?  
G: (with great dignity) Not at all. These are simply...exceptions to the rule.

W: A lot of exceptions. (thoughtfully) A lot of rules.

G: Where's the harm in that, eh?

W: Well... let me quote you one more time. "Mr. E— became insane, and was removed last year to the Asylum in Poughkeepsie, where he still remains."

G: (shrieking) Aieeeeeee....  
ENOUGH!

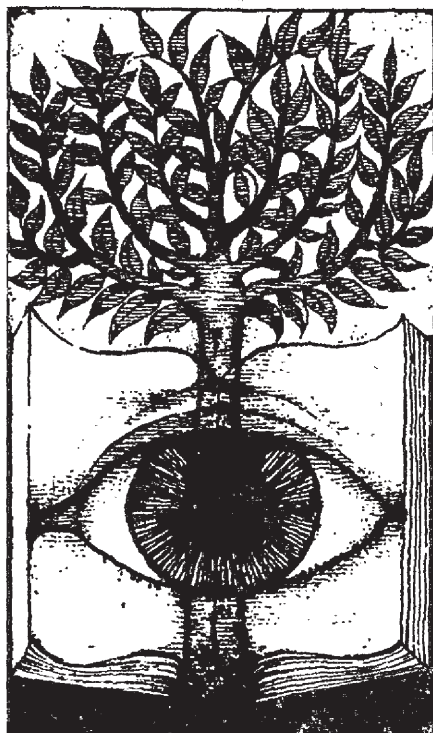
(The GHOST exits stage right, through an open window.)

A voice in the hallway: Hold it down in there, will you? I've got a nine o'clock class tomorrow.

Robin Carroll  
The New (De)Generation  
Continued from Page 2  
attentive listeners to "carry on."

Now the semester is almost over and Bill will be leaving to get on with his writing. Bard never really got to know him, but a few of us will never forget Bill Gaddis. To us he was a sort of harbinger of the quiet revolution ahead.

Alex McKnight



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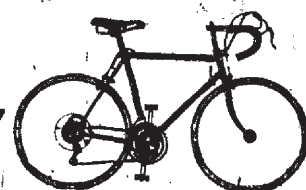
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Kickers, 30 proof, © 1976, Kickers Ltd., Hartford, Conn.



(UPI) A shoplifting suspect came prepared when he slipped out of a department store with a \$1.99 diary.

The police said that the suspect who was not identified, was taken into custody by a uniformed guard at J. J. Newberry's and was handcuffed.

However, the man disappeared, leaving the handcuffs behind.

When he was captured by another security agent in the store, three handcuff keys were found on his person.

The police said the suspect identified himself as a doctor from Buenos Aires. He was carrying \$600 in United States currency, \$100 in Canadian money and more than 1,000 Argentine pesos, the authorities said.

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